THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

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NEW GOODS!

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NN N O O W W W O O P P E NN N !!!
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REVOLUTION IN ALTOONA.

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

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Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PAIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Suit for $4.00 that others sell at $6.00.
A Man's Suit for $5.00 that others sell at $8.00.
A Man's Suit for $7.00 that others sell at $10.00.
A Man's Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $12.00.
A Man's Suit for $10.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's Blue Suit for $8.00 that others sell at $15.00.
A Man's pair of Working Pant's for 50c.
A Man's pair of extra good Working Pants for 75c.
A Man's White Vest for 50c.
A Man's pair of Overalls for 20c.
A Man's good Calico Shirt for 40c.
A Man's good White Dress Shirt for 50c.
A Man's Hat for 38c.
A pair of Men's Suspenders for 7c.
Men's Socks, 6 pairs for 25c.
A Boy's Hat for 25c.
A Boy's Coat, Pants and Vest for $2.25.

And a thousand and one other things we have neither time nor space to enumerate; but just come and see the rush at the

RENOWNED AND POPULAR

Young America

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

April 25, 1879.-6m. ALTOONA, PA.

HERE I AM AGAIN!

—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—

PUBLIC OFFICE

—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—

PUBLIC PATRONAGE!

Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his

LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,

Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,

where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,

N. J. FREIDHOFF

fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

EBENSBURG, March 21, 1879.-tf.

FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

BARGAINS TO BE FOUND AT THE

New Clothing Depot!

AT THE NEW CLOTHING DEPOT, ALTOONA, YOU CAN BUY

Men's Suits, (hand throughout, at.....$5.00
Men's Suits, better goods, at.....5.50
Men's Suits, still better, at.....6.00
Men's Suits, all wool, at.....6.50
Men's Worsted Suits, at.....7.50
Men's Diagonal Suits at.....8.75
Men's fine Diagonal Suits at.....10.50
Men's Dress Coats at.....5.00
Men's fine Dress Coats at.....7.50

Men's Pants, from 50c. per pair up to the very finest.
Boys' Clothing, all sizes, from the cheapest to the best.
Men's Hats, a splendid assortment, from 25c. up.
Men's White Dress Shirts, from 50c. up.
Men's Cotton Shirts in great variety, from 25c. up.
Trunks, from 25c. up to the finest and best makes.
4-Ply Linen Collars, 2 for 25c.
Men's Half Hose, all shades and qualities, from 5c. up.

The above are only a few of the many articles comprised in my large and elegant stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, &c., as the space does not allow a more extended enumeration of the many excellent bargains we are offering to our customers. Call and see for yourselves, however, and rest assured that money can be saved by buying at

CHAS. SIMON'S NEW CLOTHING DEPOT!

IN DR. CHRISTY'S BUILDING, 1230 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Near P. R. R. Passenger Depot, - - - - ALTOONA, PA.

CARD.—The undersigned hereby announces himself an Independent Conservative Democratic candidate for the office of Poor Master Director, pledging himself if elected to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity.

HENRY ROFFLE.

Hollidaysburg, March 3, 1879.

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and residence adjoining Post Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-L-47:80.]

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Munkler & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

POPULAR SONGS.

"Nancy Lee" and "Johnny Morgan,"
"Riding on a load of hay."
"Does your mother know you're out?"
"Gone." "Ten thousand miles away."
"Little Fraud" and "Annie Laurie"
"Tapping at the garden gate."
"Oh, 'tis jolly," "In the starlight,"
"Coming home a little late."

"Little Buttercup" and "Blue-Bird,"
"Fondly" "Courting in the rain,"
"Happy little maiden" "Whispers,"
"Will he never come again"
And "'Tis nice to be a father."
"When the swallows homeward fly,"
"Shilling short," and "Credit broken,"
"Captain Cuff," "How's that for high?"

"Baby mine" and "Little Barefoot,"
"Why does mother stay so long"
"Naughty man," "My darling husband,"
"Do not sing to me that song."
"Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,"
"For the old man's drunk again,"
And "We won't go home till morning,"
"We shall meet" "The two had met."

"Now," "My heart is sad and lonely,"
"When the band begins to play,"
And "I want to be an angel,"
"A walking down Broadway,"
"When the moon is brightly beaming"
"In the cottage by the sea,"
"Oh, there is no harm in kissing"
"The fellow that looks like me."

"Have you heard my love was coming,"
"Bonnie Rose is over the sea"
"Brown eyes has that little maiden,"
And "A maiden fair to see."
"What is home without a mother"
"When the summer rain is o'er,"
Capt. Jack," "How can I leave thee"
"Then come in and shut the door."

"Once again" "The angel's whisper"
"Put my little shoes away,"
"What care I?" "Oh joy! Oh rapture!"
"Kiss me quick," "Sweet Ethel May,"
"Good-bye, sweetheart," "Rock me sister,"
"Dance me, papa, on your knee,"
"Don't forget to write me, darling,"
"When I'm gone" "Beyond the sea."

"When the purple lilacs blossom,"
"When the mists have rolled away,"
"We shall meet beyond the river,"
"Horace Greeley" "Making hay."
"Near the banks of that lone river,"
"Woman's mission" "No longer can tell,"
"When, Emma?" "The cold winds whistle,"
"Say good-bye, yet not farewell."

—*Manchester Union.*

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

What amused us most at the Lake House last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy—if you carried any about you—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly, and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude playfellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New Yorker, who came out into the yard to feed Bruin on seed cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He had approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace and "went through" his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop, and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged quite leisurely to the spot.

"Keep still, and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what you've got and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help Bruin to the last of the seed cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his necktie and linen rumpled, and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler then made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed the pole, and looked at us from the cross-piece at the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, "is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speakin' of our native black bear, you muderstand. The brown bear ain't half so respectable, and the grizzly bear is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp."

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced toward the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show ye."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked.—And a friend by my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added:

"Yes, a decided act of bar-bear-ity."

"Oh, he likes it?" said the one-eyed hostler. "Ye can't hit him."

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, as quick as a flash of lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood good-humorously waiting for more.

"Once in a while," said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning on the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, "there's a bear of this species that's vicious and blood-thirsty.—Generally, you let them alone and they'll let you alone. They won't run from you, maybe, but they won't go out of their way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger around with a chip on their shoulder lookin' for some fool to knock it off."

"Will they eat you?" some one inquired; for there was a ring of spectators around the performers by this time.

"As likely as not, if they are sharp-set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten, but it ain't their habit to go for human flesh. Roots, nuts, berries, bugs and any small game they can pick up satisfies their humble appetites as a general thing.

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the pole, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this style:

"Bears are particularly fond of fat, juicy pigs; and once give 'em a taste of human flesh—why, I shouldn't want my children to be playin' in the woods within a good many miles of their den!

"Which reminds me of Old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks over in Ridgetown, where I was brought up—wall, as much as forty year ago."

"He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trifling with a gun trap. You know what that is—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it must come up to it the way it p'ints; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from the trigger to the trigger.

"He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot off.—There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed.

"He got off: but this experience seemed to have soured his disposition.—He owed a spite to the settlement.

"One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soon found out.

"A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker and was actually lugging him off in his arms. The pig was kicking and squealing, but the bear had him fast.—He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly, but a few jabs from a pitchfork and a shot in the shoulder convinced him that he was making a mistake.

"He dropped the pig and got away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was Old Two Claws.

"But what sp'ilt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

"There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlements; hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites.

"One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

"Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery, Red-Sky took off her papoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before, so she preferred to leave it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, papoosey never cried.

"The squaws traded off the truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whisky. They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whisky, but finally they started to go back through the woods.

"They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the papoose had been left. There was no papoose there!

"This discovery sobered them. They thought at first that the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away; but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek.

"She had found the board not far off, but no papoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

"There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

"The Red-Sky-of-the-Morning went back to the camp with the news: the other squaw followed with the jug.

"When the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-tail heard that his papoose had been eaten by a bear, he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against Old Two Claws, but consoled himself with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt.

"The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that Old Two Claws got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent.

"Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream on day in the woods near the house. She rushed out, and actually saw a bear lugging off her youngest.

"She was a sickly, feeble sort of a woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an axe. Luckily she had a big dog. The two went at the bear.

"The old fellow had no notice of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the young one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out, together.

"The bear made short work with the cur, but instead of following the woman and child, he skulked off into the woods.

"The settlers got together for a grand hunt; but Old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains and lived to make more trouble another day.

"The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt. It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussle; that was all.

"As to the bear, he was next heard of in our settlement."

The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed:

"A brother-in-law of my uncle, a man of the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to carry him his luncheon.

"She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby just big enough to toddle around.

"The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his brother a bear might carry them off, and she charged him again that forenoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so pleasant and the woods looked so inviting, he wasn't to be afraid of bears.

"The woman stopped to see her husband fell a big beech he was cutting, and then went back to the house. Just before she got there she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was alone. He was white as a sheet, and so frightened at first that he couldn't speak.

"'Johnny,' says she, catching hold of him, 'what is the matter?'

"'A bear!' he gasped out at last.

"'Where is your little brother?' was her next question.

"'I don't know,' said he, too much frightened to know anything just then.

"'Where did you leave your brother?' says she.

"Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. 'A bear took him!' said he.

"You can guess what sort of an agony the mother was in.

"'Oh, Johnny, tell me true! Think! Where was it?'

"'In the woods,' he said. 'Bear come along—I run.'

"She caught him up and hurried with him into the woods. She begged him to show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soft. There were fresh tracks crossing it—bear tracks.—There was no doubt about it.

"It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover the child, or go at once for her husband, or alarm the neighbors; what to do with Johnny meanwhile—all that would have been hard enough for her to decide, even if she had had her wits about her.

"She hardly knew what she did, but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

"Well," continued the one-eyed hostler, "I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house and Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's hide.

"The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour half a dozen men, with their dogs, were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him, with the help of the dogs.

"But in spite of them the bear got into the mountains. Two of the dogs came up with him, and one, the only one that could follow a scent, had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and one after another of the hunters gave up and returned home.

"At last Rush was left alone; but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountains, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground and started on the trail again in the morning.

"Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side.

"The bear kept on, but it was easier tracking him after that by his blood.

"That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodsman's hut over in White's valley. It was Rush. He told his story in a few words as he rested on a stool. He had found no traces of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was Old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills, and come to the settlement for help.

"The hunt had taken him a round-about course, and he was then not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bear skin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend the backwoodsman—he started to return by an easier way through the woods.

"It was a sad revenge he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in lugging home the hide of Old Two Claws.

"As he came in sight of his log house out ran his wife to meet him, with—what do you suppose?—little Johnny dragging at her skirts, and the lost child in her arms.

"Then, for the first time, the man dropped, but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby and thanked God for the miracle.

"But it wasn't much of a miracle, after all.

"Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby—and had maybe forgotten all about him—when he strayed into the woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course he had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother, he didn't know anything about him, and I suppose really imagined that the bear had got him.

"But the baby had crawled into a snug place under the side of the rain trough, and there he was, fast asleep, all the while. Then he woke up two or three hours after and the mother heard him cry; her husband was far away on the hunt.

"True—this story I've told you?" added the one-eyed hostler, as some one questioned him. "Every word of it!"

"But your name is Rush, isn't it?" I said.

The one eye twinkled humorously.

"My name is Rush. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father."

"And you?" exclaimed a bystander.

"I," said the one-eyed hostler, "am the very man who warn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!"—J. T. TROWBRIDGE, *in Youth's Companion.*

A MASTERLY STROKE OF GENIUS.—The other day a muscular young fellow, having an odor of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but on learning the price he concluded to invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair he shut up one eye, drew his mouth around one side, stuck up his nose and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. It beat Sol Smith Russel all to pieces and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said:

"You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come here from Allegan County six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lot—heaps! I've writ to her that I was bloke up here on a boat and disfigured for life. She's awful proud. When she gits this and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover quicker'n wink—see? How do you like the plot? Just gaze on this picture once and then tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my love-letters by first train!"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained all. It said: "My Evver Dear Gurl—I incloze my pickture that you may see how offul bad I was hurt, tho' I know you will luv me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasin' a wagon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? Disfiggered for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty-acre lot."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To pay, or not to pay, that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse
To take a local paper, and deprive
My family from reading all the news,
Or pay up prompt what the printer asks.
And, by such payment, cheer him? No pay—no paper—
Then no more shall I be posted on the news,
And local bags throughout the town,
And divers topics—tis a consummation
That I long have feared. To pay, or stop?
To stop! perchance to lose—ay, there's the rub:
For in that stop no interest do I take
In any of th' affairs which move the town,
And such a shuffling off of all that's good
Must make me pause. There's the respect
Which every editor maintains for those
Who come down with the cash and ne'er delay
To settle up "that little bill." For who would bear
The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs
Which far too oft reflect upon the man
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?
I'll haste me now unto the editor,
And, with my purse plethoric in my hand,
Will settle up in full, one year from date,
By paying to him from my ready cash
The sum of two dollars to advance.

—[*Hackensack Republican.*]

THE ICE-SHROUD.

It takes a deep grave to bury a murder safe and fast. Earth crumbles, water filters away and the dead face, with its accusatory scar, pleads to Heaven for justice. Even the sea casts its outraged dead up for man to render judgment on. The thrilling dramatic story of Eugene Aram, bounded to punishment by his crime, is paralleled by the following recent occurrence in Bavaria:

Two months ago a party of French and English tourists scaled the Adlerberg, one of the highest peaks of the Bavarian Tyrol. In crossing a deep chasm which formed the bed of one of the winter torrents whose fury scars the face of the mountain, one of them dropped his haversack. A guide volunteered to descend for it, and was fastened to a rope and lowered.

He had scarcely reached the bottom when he uttered a cry of horror.

Imbedded in the flint-hard blue ice which covered the bottom of the ravine, removed from the melting warmth of the sun, was

THE CORPSE OF A MAN.

It was completely enshrouded by the ice, which had preserved it perfectly. The body was that of a handsome young man with blonde hair and beard. The right temple was beaten in, and the right jaw and cheek smashed. Otherwise the corpse was unscarred.

From his dress and the unmistakable marks of refinement about him, the dead man was plainly some tourist, or otherwise a stranger to the district. With infinite trouble what was left of him was disinterred from his frozen grave and removed to Mackerfels, the nearest village.

The authorities at Musbruck were notified, and no pains nor care spared to effect an identification, but for a week all efforts were unavailing.

The corpse had been placed in an outhouse attached to the cottage of the village minister. At midnight, a week after the discovery, a dreadful outcry from the shed roused the inmates of the cottage. The door of the outhouse was found to have been closed open. A little fire of twigs had been kindled in one corner, and by its light a man could be discerned crouching before it and glaring at the corpse with

EYES WILD WITH HORROR.

The stranger, who was recognized as Ignatz Holzfeurer, a notorious poacher and smuggler, was completely unnerved, helpless and speechless. Although without suspicion as to his guilt, the pastor deemed it safest to secure him, fearing that in his distraction he might injure himself. He made no resistance. Before daylight he had told a story which proved him to be the murderer of the unknown stranger—an assassin whom one of those inexplicable phantasies which fate delights in had left, through months of fancied security, to the expiation of his crime.

More than a year before Carl Werner, a young artist, who had spent the summer in the mountains, a score of miles from the Adlerberg, prepared to return to Munich. He sent his light baggage to the railroad at Musbruck, proposing himself to cross the mountain on foot, sketching as he went. His last night at the village inn at Albersdorf, where he had spent the summer, was devoted to a merry-making, in which all the neighbors were invited to participate at his expense.

One of the guests was Anna Fuerbach, the daughter of the village blacksmith, a pretty and light haired girl of eighteen, to whom the artist host

PAID MANY EARNEST ATTENTIONS,

which attracted the grim notice of the girl's accepted lover, Ignatz Holzfeurer. This man, a stalwart mountaineer, renowned through all the district as the most daring of all the gunpowder and tobacco smugglers who infest the Austrian frontier, had been a suitor for the blacksmith's daughter for more than a year. The girl liked him but her father did not.

The latter had signified to her his will that she should marry a young farmer in the neighborhood. Anna, fearing to provoke her lover to a fury which would destroy her bugaboo of power, had never spoken to Ignatz of him. She had simply said:

"My father, Ignatz, objects to our marriage."

When Ignatz saw his aggravating sweetheart flirting with the painter he at once became possessed of the idea that the latter was the obstacle in the way of his happiness.

HIS FURY WAS COMPLETE

when he saw Werner draw the girl into a corner and kiss her. Only the interference of a couple of his companions kept him from assaulting the artist on the spot.

He sought the earliest opportunity of speaking to Anna Feurbach, and said:

"I have more than once asked you to marry me. I have thrown my soul at your feet. Without it I am a lost man. Will you then save my life? I now ask you for the last time. Will you be my wife?"

The girl, startled by the suppressed passion in his voice, did not reply until the question was repeated; then she said:

"I cannot."

"You refuse me, then?"

"God help us both, I must."

"You must! What nonsense! If you love me as you swear you do, what can prevent your becoming my wife—

YOUR FATHER'S WISH ALONE?"

"Which I must fulfill. I dare not disobey him."

The smuggler bit his lip till the blood trickled from under his set teeth, looking steadily down meanwhile into the girl's white face with eyes that blazed under their bushy brows.

"You choose that young fool then for me?" he said hoarsely.

"I cannot help myself. I must."

"Then listen. If you marry him you will have to marry a dead man."

And he strode away.

Frightened out of her wits, the girl contrived to convey a warning to her former lover that same night. The young man took measures to defend himself without delay, for Holzfeurer's desperate character was well known.

THE VENGEFUL SMUGGLER

meanwhile was busy following the false trail his jealousy-blinded eyes fancied they had discovered. His fierce heart had doomed to death the innocent painter. Poor Werner for a harmless flirtation had put his unsuspicious life at the mercy of a stalwart madman, goaded to desperation by disappointed love.

The artist shouldered his knapsack at early daylight and started on his tramp across the Alderberg. As he left the village he was overtaken by Holzfeurer, who carried a heavy rifle on his shoulder. Glad of the company of one who knew the mountain so well, Werner greeted the smuggler cordially. The latter replied curtly. Fancying that he was suffering from his last night's spree he, the painter, took no notice of his gruff manner, and the pair tramped on side by side.

They had gained the summit of the mountain when the sun rose. At their feet a chasm, bridged by a single log, yawned. A shallow stream crawled through the deep gap and fell in a cascade down the mountain side.

"If we could only reach that water," sh, served the doomed man, pantingly. "I would give anything for a drink."

"Indeed," said Holzfeurer, huskily. "How much, for instance."

"Why do you ask? Can you get me a drink?"

"I can show you how to get one."

"Do so, and I will give you half a florin."

"I will do it for nothing."

And before the unsuspecting man could raise a hand to shield himself the ponderous stock of a clubbed rifle struck him on the head.

The blow knocked him into the abyss as if he had been shot from a cannon.

HE FELL HEADLONG,

stunned, lifeless, unable to utter a cry. Kneeling on the log bridge, his murderer saw his body lodge between two rocks in the water far below him—that water which his parched throat had so yearned for. It lay there for a long time without motion. Then it stirred slightly and the assassin hurled a huge stone down at it.

The missile, crushed its temple in. The body stirred no more.

"I thought myself safe," continued the confession, taken down from Holzfeurer's lips by the pastor of Mackerfels. "The path which I had purposely chosen was a lonely one, only followed by such people as myself. The chasm was deep. The streams were already commencing to freeze. 'I have nothing to fear,' I said to myself. 'The winter will devour him.' Instead it has preserved him.

TO BRING ME TO JUDGMENT NOW."

"I dared not return to Albersdorf any more, though. I recollected the threat I had made to Anna Fenerbach. The disappearance might be noticed, and I would be doomed. From that time my life was a misery without an end.

"I lived in an abandoned shepherd hut. I fed off such fare as my gun could procure me. Now and then I ventured on a smuggling excursion to some village where I was unknown, to procure sufficient money to replenish my stock of powder and ball.

"This night I came down here. It was too late for me to find the man who commonly purchased my pack. The whole village was in bed. I was freezing and faint for want of sleep. For lack of better shelter I broke into your shed and kindled a little fire to warm my chilled body before I went to sleep.

"As the flames rose I noticed that their warm light fell on some rigid object on the ground covered with a sheet. Impelled by curiosity, I uncovered it. Staring at me was

THE MAN I HAD MURDERED."

"His dead eyes pierced my soul like the stab of a dagger of ice. His white face froze my blood. His motionless lips seemed to move and curse me till I screamed with horror. The crime that I had thought dead and forgotten long ago now, in the desolation in which it had thrown me, rose to denounce me to justice. Let God's will be done."

On the evening of his confession, when his captors entered Holzfeurer's place of confinement to remove him to Innsbruck, they found him dead. He had broken a tile from the huge porcelain stove which warmed the room and cut his throat from ear to ear with the jagged fragments.

His corpse was coffined and loaded on the back of a pack mule along with that of his victim. The way to Innsbruck was through Albersdorf. The judicial procession, with its ghastly charge, was compelled to halt to allow a merry bridal party to pass.

The chief figures of this party in the gala attire of the Tyrolean peasant were the bridegroom and the man in mistake for whom Carl Werner had perished and Ignatz Holzfeurer had sacrificed his soul.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS AFRAID BUT DIDN'T MIND IT AFTER ALL.—A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The two roads finally united, and the man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time, walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the leg a live chicken, in the other a cane, and was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep dark ravine, the woman said to the man: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you: it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." "If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all; how can I possibly overpower you when I have a great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, and a live chicken in the other and am leading a goat?" "I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken into it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such an expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulder, imprisoned the chicken under it and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

HOW BRAZILIAN WOMEN CARRY THEIR BABIES.—The work among the Brazilian Indians is done almost entirely by the women, who start out early in the morning with their babies astride their hips, baskets balanced on their heads, and puffing like a diminutive steam engine from small clay pipes. The walk is often three or four miles, and the work hard; yet a long life of this drudgery seems to render it easy, and they make no improvements. Their implements and methods are crude, and, like true Indians in a natural state, they are but repetitions of their progenitors. The custom above mentioned of carrying babies on the hip is as peculiar as it is ungraceful. The body is much to one side, as in the act of carrying a heavy weight in the right hand. For instance, the child sits astride the left hip, one leg dangling in front, the other behind, and supported by the encircling left arm. A more uncomfortable-looking method could hardly be devised, and yet the journey to and from the mandica plantation is always made in this way, a baby being the proverbial accompaniment of the Indian household.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Many people complain their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Golden, a distinguished writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy jerk, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Laborstrides upward to independence.

BOSTON PRECOCITY.—Jack (aged ten years or under): "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a preexistent first cause." Tommy: "Oh, certainly. At least, I go no further back than the primordial atomic globule." Exeunt, driving their hoops.

GIRLS ONCE BOUGHT IN CHESTER.

In a recent number of Col. Forney's *Progress* is a sketch of the life of Mr. Abraham Peters, who is now living and enjoying a competency at the advanced age of 88 years, near Millersville, Lancaster county, which contains an incident which took place in Chester about seventy years ago. In those times the poor Germans who wanted to come to this country but had no money to pay their passage, contracted with the captain of a vessel, so that he was allowed to sell them into servitude for their passage money, and these people were called Redemptioners. At the time above referred to, Abraham Peter's father was in the habit of hauling grain from Lancaster county to Wilmington, Del., and on one occasion, as he was going there, his sister, Mrs. Bausman, requested him to buy a small German girl from a vessel for her. The vessel stopped at Chester. So after he had disposed of his grain he mounted one of his horses and rode to Chester. He went on board an emigrant vessel, and as he spoke German he was soon surrounded by a crowd, each one requesting to be bought, as they preferred to get into families where German was spoken. He called the Captain and made known his errand. The Captain told him he had two small orphan girls on board, their mother having died on the voyage. He asked forty dollars for the two; but as Mr. Peters only wanted one, and could take but one with him, the captain said he would charge twenty-five dollars for one, and if he sent him a purchaser for the other he would give her for fifteen dollars.

He describes the scene when these two orphan girls were parted as most affecting, but he assured the remaining one that he would try and find her a good home. Before

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 6, 1879.

THE case of John Gibson, San & Co., plaintiffs below, vs. Allegheny county, defendant below, which involves the question of the liability of Allegheny county for the riot losses in July, 1877, was argued before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg on Thursday of last week. The suit was originally brought by the plaintiffs for the value of sixty barrels of whisky destroyed by the mob, and, the case having been changed from Allegheny to Beaver county, was tried before a Court and jury in the latter county, and a verdict rendered for the plaintiffs, from which the defendant took an appeal. It is a test case upon the decision of which many other similar suits will depend. Judge Agnew argued the case for Allegheny county, and the opinion of the Court, which will not be made public for some time, will be awaited with great interest.

THE Republican State Convention of Ohio gave the third term movement a rough buffeting last week by refusing to nominate Judge Taft, the Grant candidate for Governor. Taft was Grant's Attorney General during the latter part of his second term, and was a firm believer in the use of troops and deputy marshals to secure Republican success at the polls. Ex-Congressman Charles Foster, who received the nomination over Taft, was John Sherman's candidate, and was also backed up by Hayes. Foster played a prominent part in Congress in getting the Southern members to agree not to filibuster against going through with the electoral count, which resulted in declaring Hayes elected. He was also known as the man who in a speech rashly referred to Butler as "Old Cock-eye" which caused Benjamin to bestow on him a passing notice that Foster no doubt still remembers to his sorrow.

THE sudden death of General James Shields will cause a feeling of sincere regret throughout the country. His death occurred at Ottumwa, Iowa, on last Sunday night. He delivered a lecture on the previous Wednesday in that city, where he had relatives residing, and on Sunday appeared to enjoy his usual health, ate a hearty supper at 6 o'clock, wrote several letters, but just before retiring complained of a pain in his chest. Soon after he said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired, sitting in his chair and remaining conscious to the last. His remains left Ottumwa on Monday evening for his home in Carrollton, Missouri. The remarkable career of Gen. Shields is so well known to the people everywhere as to render a detailed account of the incidents in his life entirely unnecessary.—He came to his native country, Ireland, the fruitful mother of heroes in every walk of human life, and he loved her with a devotion that only ended in his death. His adopted country, which held the best interest place in his heart, and for which he risked his life and shed his blood in two wars, will ever cherish his memory with a feeling of profound respect and gratitude.

AS JEFF DAVIS, Senator from Illinois has been very prominently mentioned as a possible candidate for the next Presidency, his views on important public questions deserve the widest circulation. His speech in the Senate against the Republican demand for bayonet elections, extracts from which we published a few weeks ago, placed him side by side with the Democrats in Congress on that vital issue. Since then, on May 17th, Judge Davis wrote the following letter on the same subject and correctly ascertain resolutions adopted by the Democratic members of the Illinois Legislature. It is a manly and patriotic production. Here it is:

GENTLEMEN.—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 3d inst., covering resolutions of a joint caucus of the democratic members of the present assembly of the State of Illinois; and in acknowledging the same I am free to say that I am in favor of perfect freedom of elections from the interference of the presence of any part of the army at the polls, because that opinion was emphatically expressed on the floor of the senate. This is a government of legal equality, founded on the constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof. One of the grievances of which our forefathers complained was that the king had quartered troops on them and sought by military power to coerce them into submission. It is a little less than a public scandal after a century of national existence that any party could venture to ask the people's approval of a species of tyranny that is forbidden in England, and wherever else the parliamentary principle is respected. Very truly, DAVID DAVIS.

GEN. SCHUYLER HAMILTON (who never let so delivered an address on Decoration day before the members of Lincoln Post, No. 11 (wherever that is), G. A. R., and among other things is reported to have said: "On Decoration day last year, at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln's statue, I defended the practice of decorating with flowers the graves of the rebel dead impartially with those of our dead comrades. My heart was not in those words. They were spoken in a fit of sentimental generosity aroused by misrepresentations of prominent rebels. I beg to apologize for those remarks. I would now more that no member of Abraham Lincoln Post lay a flower on the grave of a rebel. They were traitors in 1861—they are traitors now. All winter long they have been plotting treason in the halls of Congress. The same hearts burn and the same arms can be wielded as in 1861, and many of us live again to wield them, if necessary." The man who would thus insult the memory of the charitable and benevolent Lincoln—the man who would thus libel the Southern members of Congress by accusing them of having been plotting treason all winter in Congress, because they, as well as every Democratic member from the North, East and West are opposed to the use of troops at the polls—for that, and that only, is the "treason" to which this orator of the Grand Army of the Republic refers—the man, we say, who could stand up and deliberately do this has only one other thing to do in order that no act of his life may so become him as the ending of it, and that is to procure a rope, retire to the woods, put one end securely around his neck, attach the other end to the limb of a tree that will be sure not to break, and then make the fatal plunge.

THE report of the committee appointed to investigate the stationery and other supplies of the House at Harrisburg exposes the wholesale plunder and petty stealing that for years has been practiced about the capitol. The testimony shows that nearly every article furnished cost from one to five hundred per cent. more than it was worth. The bill for toilet soap for two months and a few days at the beginning of last year's session was close to $200; the towels used in the bath room of the Senate cost $7 each, and all other articles in proportion. The old carpets and chairs, both nearly as good as new, were divided among the employes, members, and outsiders. Charley Salter, then a member, and this session one of Bill Kemble's riot bill lobbyists, stole a very good carpet from one of the committee rooms; Monaghan, another Philadelphia rooster, did the same thing, while Shurlock, chief clerk, appropriated to his own use four chairs, and every other movable thing was stolen and taken away. Sam Adams, who has long furnished supplies, and does a great deal of the stealing himself, swore that it would take a log chain to hold anything fast and keep it from being stolen, and was very indignant because a large quantity of alpaca draping, which cost 60 cents a yard and extended clear around the hall, which he wanted himself, having promised it to several women for dresses, had been stolen by some other person. It was proven before the committee that members got any amount of stationery they wanted for their wives, children, mothers-in-law, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and constituents. A. C. Neall, also a Philadelphia member, swore that he got ten or twelve packages of stationery every year, which he sent to clubs, societies and organizations in his district, and coolly insisted that he had a right to do things in that way. The stationery expenses of the House last year were put down at $23,000, or about $15,000 more than the members received, the balance having been stolen by the officers and their friends. A bill to put a stop to this swindling game was before the Legislature, but we cannot now say whether it became a law.

AT 12 o'clock to-day the Legislature will adjourn *sine die*, after a session of 151 days, and on account of the *odd day* each member will be out of pocket ten dollars, since the act of Assembly of 1874 cuts off all compensation after 150 days. Although it has been severely censured in all quarters of the State by the papers of all parties for having done very many things that it ought not to have done, as well as for having left undone many other things which it ought to have done, it is perhaps about the truth to say of it that it has been very little, if any, worse than either of the *double-headed* Legislatures since 1875, when the first session under the new constitution convened. The session that will end to-day has been run precisely in the same old groove that others have been run before it and of course with the same results, and we here make the confident prediction that no reform Legislature—no Legislature that will attend to its legitimate and necessary duties and to nothing else—no exclusively business Legislature, with all that the phrase implies, will ever meet at the State capital *until the action of the members are fixed at a Republican caucus held without regard to the length of the session, and everything to the shape of perquisites, mileage, stationery and postage stamps is absolutely abolished.* When that is done, but not until it is done the people may expect to see a Legislature that will give proper attention to its business, and having done that will be willing to adjourn. As it is now, with the power under the law to protract the session to an inordinate length, while the daily pay must all the time, it is folly to expect that the average member of the General Assembly will not embrace the advantage which the law gives him of increasing his salary to its extreme limit by continuing the session through one month. If the people of the State really want legislative reform they must make sure of the kind of Legislature they elect next November a year. They can have reform, or not have it, just as they themselves determine.

A NEW COLONIZATION SCHEME.

The "Irish Catholic Colonization Society" is the name of an association which we wonder was not thought of long ago. Next to the Germans, the Irish are our most numerous immigrants, and until now no special efforts have been made to further their interests as a body. The above-named organization has in contemplation a scheme altogether untried. It does not propose to aid the shiftless or even the entirely destitute. Its purpose is to assist those who have some means to acquire homes for themselves. Many who have saved a few hundred dollars would be compelled to spend the greater part or all of it in reaching the lands of the far west. This society proposes to send such men to homes already prepared for them. A quarter section—160 acres of land—will be plowed and a house built for him, so that instead of spending a year or more before he becomes self-sustaining, he is at once in a way to make his living. Under such circumstances a man may soon pay for his farm and render himself independent. To carry out this plan the money will be provided by wealthy Irish citizens who will not only have ample security for the money they advance, but be guaranteed a reasonable interest on the same. No cash advance will be made. The colonists are intended to be self-supporting almost from the beginning. A certain period will be given them to pay for the farm and improvements and the interest on the investment, and meanwhile it is believed the natural rise in values will leave the settler a fair margin for his labor. There will be much curiosity to see how this plan, so different from any yet tried, will work. Theoretically, the scheme presents plausible features, and if its projectors shall make it a success, it will no doubt be widely followed.—*Lancaster New Era.*

THE bribery investigating committee submitted its report to the House on yesterday week. The conclusions arrived at by the committee on the testimony before it are that three members—W. F. Rumberger, of Armstrong, and Emile J. Petroff and George F. Smith, both of Philadelphia—have been guilty of corruptly soliciting the votes of certain members in favor of the riot bill; and also that William H. Remble and Charles B. Salter, both of Philadelphia, Jesse B. Crawford, of Blair, Alex. W. Leisenring, of Carbon, and Christian Long, of Cumberland, who are not members, have been guilty of a like offense. The committee does not make any recommendation as to the proper action to be taken by the House towards the parties implicated, and a resolution for the expulsion of Petroff, Rumberger and Smith was defeated having failed of a two-thirds vote.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Napoleon Bonaparte will be hung at Sardis, Miss., on the 20th inst.

—A Portland (Me.) lady left a jeweler's store in such a hurry the other day as to forget her baby.

—The skeleton of a child was recently found in a chimney in London wrapped in papers dated three years ago.

—Twelve thousand dollars is the largest sum ever found in a single letter in the dead-letter office at Washington.

—James Trimble, colored, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life, at Lexington, Ky., for killing his brother.

—A lady near Pedricktown, N. J., a short time ago ran a splinter under her finger nail, and has since died of lockjaw.

—An old lady living in London county, Va., is the mother of 14 children, all living, whose ages range from 42 to 70 years.

—Col. King, a Texas cattle man, has a fence 75 miles long, enclosing about 387 square miles, on which range 110,000 beasts.

—A live stock train of twenty-four cars was run from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, a distance of 270 miles, in twelve hours on Thursday.

—D. M. Beam, editor of the Culpepper (Va.) *Times*, who was shot by G. W. Jamison in an election quarrel on May 22d, died Monday morning.

—Captain Boyton is ill in bed at the Fifth avenue hotel, New York, suffering from the effects of his recent terrible voyage down the Mississippi.

—A Maryland youth, rejected by a young lady and panting for revenge, took his little hatchet and cut down all the peach trees on the land of the young lady's father.

—The Erie *Observer* queries how it would do to reverse the ticket of 1876 for 1880, and on the principle turn about is fair play hurrahs for Hendricks and Tilden.

—The colored man who wedded the pretty young lady in Beaver county has fled to escape the anger of the people. His wife has been placed in an insane asylum.

—Henry S. Hallock, a convict, has eloped from the Muskingum county, Ohio, penitentiary with the wife of one of the wardens. There is no clue to the guilty pair.

—A boy in the Philadelphia House of Refuge, being disobedient, was locked in a cell, while his companions were enjoying a holiday in the park. He felt so ill-used that he hanged himself.

—Mr. William Ainsley, a farmer residing at Pike Mills, Bradford county, found two horses tied in the woods near that place a few days ago, one of which had died from starvation and the other was a mere skeleton.

—Fifty-seven years ago Jacob Bogart, now an aged citizen of Salisbury, Leigh county, caught and marked a turtle. A few days ago he came across the same turtle and killed it near the same place that he had first discovered it.

—While going to his home, at Booneville near Scranton, Saturday night, Thomas Barrett was attacked and badly beaten by Thomas Callahan. Barrett went home, armed himself with a revolver, returned and shot Callahan dead. Barrett is in custody.

—A young man named Marshall, a resident of Wilkinsburg, Allegheny county, while out fishing the other day at Dam No. 2, Monongahela river, fell from the abutment of the dam and broke his neck. His remains were taken home in the afternoon.

—George Koehler, a miner near Connellsville, and a native of Nuremburg, Germany, speaks five languages. He is a close student of Byron, Shelley, Milton and Shakspeare, and is familiar with the writings of Schiller and Goethe, reading them in German and English.

—An old citizen of Lewistown, Me., dreamed that he had found a quantity of silver in a marshy place, near that city. Taking his shovel the following morning he went to the place indicated in his dream and found $1,800 in silver coin. So says the Lewistown *Journal*.

—Samuel Greenwood, of Rock Run Mills, near Coatesville, has been awarded a contract for making ten thousand shawls for the U. S. Government, the shawls being intended for the Indian women in the West. The government has the right to increase the number if desired.

—The Irish Catholic Colonization Society held a public meeting on Wednesday evening at Cooper Institute, New York, for the purpose of further advocating the scheme. A number of prominent business men and clergymen, including Bishops Spaulding and Ireland, addressed the meeting.

—Hon. Charles Foster, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is about forty-five years of age, and looks like he has been well fed all his life. He is unusually strong, is about the medium height, has dark hair, pleasant light eyes, and his whiskers, which are worn almost full, are plentifully sprinkled with gray.

—A man spent a whole day in the railroad station at Red Oak, Iowa, trying to find an eastward bound train that was in charge of a Christian conductor. He wanted to start on a journey, but was resolved not to intrust his life to the care of a sinner. After questioning eleven conductors, and failing to discover one of the desired kind, he went home discouraged.

—A special dispatch to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* reports great damage done by forest fires along the lake shore. Twenty buildings were burned near Horn's Pier and also a number near Almepee. Many families are rendered homeless and destitute. About three miles of telegraph poles were destroyed, cutting off communication with Sturgeon Bay, where it is supposed considerable damage has also been done.

—On Friday night the watchman of Morey's Bivery establishment, at Montreal, was knocked senseless with an iron instrument, and a deliberate attempt was made to burn the premises, which contained $30,000 worth of new carriages. The cab drivers of the city are hostile to Morey, who is extensively employed by hotel keepers, and it is supposed that they are the authors of the fire. Quarville, the victim of the outrage, has died of his wounds.

—John G. McCabe was drowned in Philadelphia several months ago. He wore an oilskin coat and high top boots. A man's body similarly attired was subsequently found floating off Woodbury, and Mrs. McCabe, identifying it as that of her husband, had it brought to Philadelphia and buried. The other day another body in an oilskin coat and high top boots was taken out of the water at Wilmington, and Mrs. McCabe, believing it to be her husband's has buried it by the side of the first one.

—The annual convention of the German Catholic Societies of the United States was in session at Newark, N. J., this week. Monday morning Bishop Corrigan celebrated a Pontifical Mass, and welcomed the delegates to Newark. After the services there was a public parade of the delegates and German Catholic Societies. The Ancient Order of Hibernians desired to take part, but were not permitted by the Bishop, who said it was a church procession and the Hibernians were not recognized as a church society.

—Amanda Reynolds, aged fifteen years, of Patterson, N. J., while picking with her finger at the corner of a decayed tooth on Thursday, the 23d ult., loosened it so that it was easily detached by her mother with a double thread. Since then blood has been flowing with slight cessation. A number of physicians and dentists have tried their best to stop the flow, but it is so persistent that several times hemorrhages have gushed from the girl's ears and nostrils. She was in vigorous health, but is now pale and extremely weak.

—Ella Zoyara, the fair circus rider whose beauty and grace won for her lovers by the score all over the world, lies dead in a foreign land—dead of small-pox, poor thing, at Bombay. What is odd about this heart-breaking young person's career is the fact that she was not a she at all, but a man. Omar Kingsley—such was his name—was born in St. Louis about thirty-eight years ago, ran away from home when a little boy, joined a circus, first appearing as a girl rider, and, finding that girl riding was highly profitable, kept it up for a score or so of years. He made a lovely girl rider.

—Rev. J. C. Pershing, President of the Pittsburg Female College, who is charged with defrauding the widow and children of the late S. M. Kier, prints a card in the Pittsburg papers, denying every accusation. He says: "The estate of S. M. Kier is indebted to me some twenty-five thousand dollars. I have been repeatedly urged by my legal counsel, during the past three years, to bring suit, but declined for reasons of personal friendship, and more recently because I was informed that I could not realize on my claim (as a surviving partner) until Mr. Kier's personal debts were paid."

—An Island Pond (Vt.) dispatch of May 29th says: In Newark, ten miles from here, several children drank water yesterday from a brook into which the carcasses of a horse and some sheep had been thrown. The brook ran close to the school house where the children were at school. The children were poisoned; ten of them are already dead, and some sixteen more are not expected to live. The bodies became putrid and were immediately buried. A Mr. Carpenter lost three children, and his two other children are dying. A family by the name of Morse lost two children, and a family named Aldrich lost a like number.

—A great dispute is raging in Madras over the right to the possession of a hair which is said to have been plucked from the beard of Mohammed. The case in which this precious relic is kept is guarded by an officer, who receives for his services a pension from the Government. There are six claimants for the hair. The High Court of Madras has been appealed to, and will have to do some hair-splitting in order to accomplish the ends of justice. So great is the competition among the six Mussulmans who claim the hair that there is a possibility of their splitting each other's skulls, contrary to the law and custom long prevalent among them.

—The Abbeville (S. C.) *Medium* says that Miss Bass, of Lebanon, has a turkey gobbler just a little ahead of anything in the turkey line in history or tradition. Last week the turkey was a gobbler in all the pride of his gobblerhood; now he is a turkey hen, and as a proof of his change of sex laid three eggs on the day succeeding this monstrous metamorphosis. This tale will seem almost incredible, but the owner has the eggs to show for themselves. How can such an unheard-of change be accounted for? What do the scientists say, and what's to become of us when turkey gobblers turn against their own sex in this way and settle down into laying hens? Oh, it is awful!

—The wires were freighted yesterday, says the N. Y. *Sun* of Friday last, with tidings of calamity. Etna is in eruption again, new craters forming, streams of lava crawling down upon the contiguous villages, and the populace in a panic. The news from the yellow fever in Hayti is not encouraging; the latest victims reported are the French Minister, his private secretary, and the first secretary of the Legation. Off the cost of Peru, two Chilian men-of-war and a Peruvian ironclad have sent one another to the bottom. In our own country we get reports of two men killed by Indians in the far North west; ten children already dead out of twenty-seven poisoned by drinking from a polluted Vermont stream, and the rest not expected to live; and at least one person, probably several, burned to death in a hotel fire at Hagerstown, Md.

—Mr. Reynolds, the father of Alice, wife of Orlando Greenfield, who was so brutally murdered in 1875, came to this city, says the Oswego (N. Y.) *Times*, on a visit to-day from New Jersey, where he has been living for several years past. He went out from this place in the Eighty-first Regiment and served thro' the war. He met General Sullivan this morning, and, after exchanging greetings, the General said to him that he supposed he had come up to attend the trial of Greenfield. The man looked dazed and asked what Greenfield was to be tried for. When informed that it was for the murder of his (Reynolds') daughter, the man was completely dazed and said that it was the first he had heard of the murder and had supposed that his daughter was alive and well. He was on his way to visit her when he heard the news of the murder.

—About two o'clock Monday afternoon, Peter Houer, tax collector, and Constable Leininger went to the residence of William Uhrich, at Lebanon, Pa., for the purpose of selling certain goods which they had seized for taxes. Upon entering the premises Uhrich appeared and, with an oath, declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to remove any article belonging to him. Leininger went toward Uhrich, when the latter fired, the shot taking effect in Leininger's abdomen. Uhrich instantly turned and fired at Houer, the bullet grazing his shoulder and tearing his coat and the powder burning his face. Uhrich then placed the pistol to his own head and discharged it, the ball passing through his head, killing him instantly. Leininger is in a very critical condition. Uhrich served in the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry during the late war.

—A special despatch to the N. Y. *World* from Middletown says that in January last Henry Van Amburgh, living near Howell's, that county, offered Joseph Wood, of the same neighborhood, $6 and a kitchen table in exchange for his wife. Wood agreed to the transaction. Mrs. Wood went home with Van Amburgh and changed her name to his. On the 5th of May she was at Howell's station. She started home on the Erie Railway track. She was run over by a train and killed. Van Amburgh has brought suit against the proprietor of Case's hotel to recover damages for her death under the civil damage act, claiming that Case sold her liquor, which led to her death. Wood also comes forward and says that he, and not Van Amburgh, is entitled to damages if any can be collected. He will also bring suit to make sure of something. Van Amburgh has sued Wood to recover his $6 and the value of his table.

—The N. Y. *Sun* of Friday says: A singular crime was explated in California yesterday by the hanging of Troy Dye and Edward Anderson. Troy Dye, when a candidate for Public Administrator of Sacramento county, jokingly remarked from the stump that he would have to send his *killer* after the rich old bachelors in order to make any money out of the office. After his election he proceeded to convert what he had originally, no doubt, meant to be a jest into earnest, and in conjunction with two men named Tom Lawton and Edward Anderson, he plotted the murder of several wealthy old persons who were supposed to be without heirs-at-law. All the individuals who had been marked for victims escaped the fate intended for them except A. M. Tullis, a rich fruit grower. The murder of Tullis was traced to Dye and his accomplices, but one of them, Lawton, has so far succeeded in evading justice. Yesterday the faithless official and his tool, Anderson, died on the scaffold. The case is probably without a parallel in the country.

A WESTERN CYCLONE.

A Funnel-Shaped Cloud which Devastated Everything in Its Track.

A St. Louis dispatch of June 1st furnishes the following particulars of a terrible cyclone which passed over portions of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, commencing on Thursday and the rain suddenly ceasing on Friday evening. Many lives were lost and a great deal of valuable property destroyed. The dispatch says:

A large, sullen-looking cloud was noticed just east of the town of Frankfort, on the line of the central branch of the Union Pacific Railroad west of Atchison. The cloud was funnel-shaped, and seemed to increase in size as it moved along until it reached the town, when it seized everything in its embrace, gathering up houses, barns, live stock and human beings, twisting huge timbers and trees like reeds, and leaving death and destruction in its wake. Four persons were killed at this point. Reports from other points tell a like story. The following dispatch from Independence, Mo., gives a good description of the storm: "A cyclone struck the earth four miles from Lee's Summit last evening and tore a furrow through the country about one hundred yards wide and ten miles long, leveling everything in its track and killing and wounding several people. The direction of the storm was southwest and northeast.—Three miles east of Lee's Summit the house of Mr. Warren was destroyed. Two members of his family were killed and others severely wounded. Further on the house of Alexander Scraggs was unroofed, and his wife's skull fractured. The houses of Dr. Dunnington and Mr. Underwood were destroyed, but their families escape unharmed. The residence of Mr. Hutchins was torn to pieces and the family badly hurt. The house of Mr. Harris, near Blue Springs, was demolished, and Mrs. Harris, his wife and little girl were killed and three other children were mortally wounded. Mr. Harris was lifted high up into the air, carried about two hundred yards and dashed to the earth, while his wife and child were carried about the same distance in an opposite direction. At this point the storm-cloud burst, but came together again almost instantly with a terrific crash, bounded from the earth and came down again near the dwelling of Mr. Gore, which it passed over, leaving the side of one only standing. The funnel-shaped cloud then rose high in the air and disappeared in the northwest. The heaviest storm ever known in this region accompanied the tornado. It actually deluged the country it passed over."

A dispatch from Blue Springs says that Mr. Harris, his wife and children were carried up into the air and dropped at different places and in different directions from the site of the house they occupied, the distances varying from 100 to 200 yards. Mrs. Harris and one child were killed outright. Mr. Harris died several hours afterwards. One of the other children was found in a pool of water 20 yards from the house with straw and grass wrapped so tightly around his head and shoulders that it could only be removed with great difficulty. The child was only slightly injured, his escape being attributed to the mysterious bandage around him. At Delphos, Kansas, fifteen dead bodies were found in two square miles of territory. Five persons were killed in one house. At Irving, Kansas, as far as now known, twelve persons were killed; at Blue Springs, eight, and at Frankfort, four. A large number were injured.

A report comes from Brookville, Kansas, at least 75 miles from the track of the storm, where the most destruction took place, that a terrific wind storm passed over the country northwest of there on Friday afternoon, doing great damage and killing several people. A cyclone also struck the outer edge of Kirksville, Adair county, Mo., on Friday evening, and demolished several houses and seriously injured several persons, one woman being reported killed. It is not unlikely that these storms had a common origin out on the plains in Western Kansas; that some local cause broke the original cloud into fragments; that separate storms were formed from these, one of which traversed the northern portion of Jackson county, another traveled eastward, striking the earth in Jackson county, Mo., thence moved northward to Kirksville and beyond, and a third, the weakest one of the three, passing over the country in the neighborhood of St. Joseph.

STILL LATER.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—A St. Joseph, Mo., dispatch says that Mr. A. J. Smith, from Trenton, dated June 1, 5:30 P. M., reports thirty deaths certain and fifty-three persons badly injured in the cyclone which struck Trenton at 5 o'clock that morning, and the necessaries of life, which are at hand. Ten persons were buried to-day. From fifty to sixty families at Pranklort, Kansas, are reported homeless and destitute of clothing, provisions and farming implements. The citizens of that place have donated $700. More aid is needed.

A dispatch to the *Republican* from Kansas City, Mo., June 2, 7:50 A. M., says: "Seventy-five to 100 persons are destitute of everything. In the vicinity of Beattie bedding and clothing are badly needed."

THE MAYORE RAILROAD.—*A Reversal of the Late Decision of the British Chancery Court.*—A London cablegram of May 30th says:

The Lords Justices of Appeal have reversed the decision of the British Chancery Court, rendered April 24, in the suit between the bondholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company of the United States, and the contractors for building the Madeira & Mamore railway, involving the sum of £800,000, or $4,000,000. The decision is that the company, after the deduction of the expenses of the litigation, will be distributable among the bondholders. The nominal value of the bonds is £1,650,000. The bondholders will now carry the case to the House of Lords.

Commenting on the above, the Philadelphia *Times* remarks:

The case referred to in the above dispatch is that of Winnett, Church, in which the plaintiff, on behalf of himself and other bondholders of the Bolivian road, sought to have distributed among them a trust fund amounting to over $800,000, part of the proceeds of the loan, which, under the contract of the Messrs. Collins, was to be applied to the construction of the Madeira and Mamore railway. The case was argued before Mr. Justice Fry, who, on April 24th last, delivered a judgment dismissing the action with costs and declaring the fund applicable only to the construction of the work. It is said that whoever of the parties, as reported from the above cable dispatch, regrets the effect of yesterday's decision. It was understood here that the question submitted to the Justices of Appeals was simply whether the Court was right in its construction of the mandate, or whether they ought not to be allowed an appeal, and it is likely that the present decision goes no further than this.

ALMOST A SUICIDE.—One of the most handsome, eminent and successful merchants in the country, after years of suffering from dyspepsia in all its worst complications, became nearly mad and desperate. To add to his troubles an eruption appeared with disfiguring effect upon his face. Physicians exhausted their skill in his behalf, but failed to afford any relief. Racked with the torments of indigestion, and mortified at his personal appearance, he became almost suicidal. Kind friends interposed, and induced him to try Sandaline. The effect was wonderful. His blood became purified, digestion improved, appetite was restored, all the organs resumed their functions, and his mind completely recovered its balance. The eruption on his face entirely disappeared, his natural healthfulness returned, and he now enjoys perfect health. It is the simplest and surest remedy ever known. Sandaline Lotion is the greatest curative for all eruptions and other natural discharges. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggist.—Providence, Dec. 16, '78. Prof. Geoundel, A. Weed Skill, St., N. Y.—I reply to your inquiry that "Sandaline" and Sandaline Lotion thoroughly and rapidly cured me of an old standing case of barber's itch, and you may publish this. P. O'Shea.—Dr. Geoundel's greatest medical work, full of interest, over 220 pages. Price $1. Send for it.

A BABY WITHOUT ARMS.—A Bedford (O.) special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:

As some doubted the fact as reported in the special from Akron with regard to the armless babe, your correspondent, in company of M. C. L. Yockey of the *Beacon*, and his daughter Mamie, boarded the train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago road, and in twenty minutes arrived at Guthrie Station, ten miles north of here. Mrs. Martin, the mother of the babe, is an intelligent looking woman of about 25. By the kindness of the parents we were granted an examination of the little stranger, a fine-looking, well-developed black-haired boy of 9 pounds weight, 5 days old. On the right side there is an extension from the shoulder about two inches long, with the bone in it, and on the end of this is a protuberance about half an inch long and the same in diameter. On the left side the shoulder is natural but perfectly smooth where the arm should be, except a small dimple about the center where the arm is formed from. We could learn no cause for this wonderful freak of nature. Mr. Martin has three other children, but this is the only one that has departed from the regular path of nature.

A SINGULAR FASCINATION.—That's what the Wilkinsburg *Times* calls it, that's what it really is, and here is what Brother Eisenbise has to say about it:

A remarkable story has been told us of a farmer in Penn township, this county, which it tens is one of the most singular cases of blind fascination on record. It is said that whenever this farmer goes into his fields the birds gather from all quarters, flutter about his head and alight on his shoulder, and while he is plodding they become so numerous about him as to retard his movements; even the cautious crow will follow in the furrow, close to his heels, to pick worms and grubs. This is not confined to birds of any particular species, but birds of every dye and plumage in that latitude are fascinated by this man. They sit on his arms, hands, shoulder and head, and sing and chirp as merrily as though they were in their native forests. At the approach of any other human being the birds all fly away and will not again come near while they are in sight. The farmer himself cannot account for this remarkable love of the birds.

EMPIRE THRESHER

MANUFACTURED AT

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

BY THE HAGERSTOWN STEAM ENGINE AND MACHINE CO.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

DR. M. R. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the office and residence owned and recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. ☜ Anesthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [8-20, 79.-tf.]

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT

ON THE

PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE!

Loretto, Pa.

M. J. TEITELBAUM

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

BETTER BARGAINS! BIGGER BUSINESS!

THAN EVER BEFORE!

New Goods! New Goods! New Goods!

GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS, GOOD GOODS.

Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods! Cheap Goods!

Goods Unsurpassed and Prices Unexcelled!

THOUGH NOT UNDERSOLD!

COME AND SEE!
COME AND HEAR!
COME AND BUY!

Pause! Ponder! Purchase!

Here is a partial list of the kind of goods we keep and the wonderful bargains we offer:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Suits as low as	$ 3 50
Men's Fine Suits for	5 00
Men's All-Wool Cassimere Suits for	8 00
Men's Fine Beaver Suits for	12 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest	3 00
Men's All-Wool Pants and Vest (best)	5 00
Youths' Clothing, full suits, from $3.00 to	6 00
Boys' Clothing as low as	2 50
Boys' Clothing, all-wool, for	5 00

And all other wearing apparel at prices proportionately cheap.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

25 yards Calico for	$1 00
14 yards Heavy Gingham for	1 00
14 yards Appleton A Muslin for	1 00
20 yards Unbleached Muslin for	1 00
14 yards good Bleached Muslin for	1 00
11 yards very best Bleached Muslin for	1 00
10 yards Brilliant for	1 00

All kinds of Jeans and other goods which will positively be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

2 spools Cotton Thread, warranted 200 yards, for	5c.
4 sheets Fine Sandpaper for	5c.
3 packets Hair Pins for	5c.
1 pair Men's Half Hose for	5c.
1 pair Ladies' Hose for	5c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

8 lbs. good Brown Coffee for	$1 00
5 lbs. Browned Rio Coffee for	1 00
10 lbs. Green Coffee for	1 00
6 lbs. Green Coffee for	1 00
14 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1 00
12 lbs. Coffee Sugar for	1 00
3 gals. Coffee Syrup for	1 00
3 gals. best Syrup in market for	1 00
1 Scrub Brush for	10
1 Broom for	10
1 boxe Blacking for	10
12 boxes Coffee Essence for	25
1 boxe Lye or 3 balls Potash for	25
10 cans Tomatoes for	1 00
7 gals. Carbon Oil for	1 00
7 gals. Coal Oil for	1 00

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

1 pair Men's good Plow Shoes for	90c.
1 pair Men's good Buckled Shoes for	$1 15
1 pair Men's Calfskin Boots for	1 75
1 pair Men's best Calfskin Boots for	2 00
1 pair Women's good Shoes for	90
1 pair Misses' Fine Shoes for	1 50
1 pair Ladies' Gaiters for	75
1 pair Ladies' best Gaiters for	1 50
Misses' Shoes, all sizes and shoes, from 90 to	1 20
A large stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes at low prices.	
A very large stock of Baby Shoes at 25c. per pair.	

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Men's Hats as low as	40c.
Men's Fine Dress Hats for	$1 00
Boys' Hats as low as 25 cents and up to 50 cents.	

LADIES' HATS.—We have the largest stock of Ladies' Hats ever brought to Loretto, and will sell them cheaper than any millinery can buy them in the city. Also, a large lot of Misses' and Children's Hats at wonderful low prices.

Read and Ponder—Do Not Overlook!

☞ Before purchasing elsewhere let a careful examination and you will see that I have realized everything to the utmost limit, which it was only possible to do by buying for cash direct from first hands, and according to the entire business myself. Hence it is that I am able to undersell other merchants who employ clerks at large salaries and regardless their purchases to pay for the same, and hence it is that I defy any one to compete with me in the county in order to do it. At least those are the sentiments of all who have purchased goods at the PEOPLE'S CHEAP VARIETY STORE. Keep to

M. J. TEITELBAUM,

LORETTO, PA.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic; and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia; as a Dinner Pill, for purifying the Blood,

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

IF YOU ARE

GOING TO KANSAS

Send for Free Guide giving full and reliable information in regard to the cheapest, most productive and best located farming lands in the State. Address

J. E. LOCKWOOD,

Gen'l Immigration Agent, Kansas City, Missouri.

EMINENT DRS. S. L. & J. C. NIEDLET,

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

Write: "Celdren's Liebeg's Liquid Extract of Beef is a very agreeable article of diet, and particularly useful when tonics are required, being tolerated when other forms of animal food are rejected. In Diptheria, Malarial Typhoid Fevers, Weakness, and every depressing disease, we have prescribed it with great success. Sold by all druggists.

Reject all Violent Purgatives

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - JUNE 6, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic voters of the several wards, townships and townships of Cambria county are requested to meet at their usual places of holding the general election, on

Saturday, June 28th, 1879,

between 6 and 7 o'clock, P. M., and elect two delegates from each district to represent them in the county convention, to be held at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

Monday, June 30th, 1879,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., to nominate a county ticket.

The polls will be kept open until 7 o'clock, p. m. on Saturday.

JOSEPH M'DONALD,
Chairman Democratic Co. Committee.
Ebensburg, May 27, 1879.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PEACE.

Green Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3-tv.]

W. Donald, of Loretto, has just received a lot of cigars, cakes, etc.

Forty-five to fifty men are employed on the Gurn railroad extension.

Mother Schubert, of the Johnstown *Free* said as a pleasant visit Monday.

Miss Minnesota came too late for the carnival here. Will appear next week.

Mrs. Joseph Schrader, of Carrolltown, left for Minnesota on Monday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. McDonald, of Loretto, pays part for wool.

A lot of men's and youths' wool hats at cost prices at Bradley's cheap cash store, Ebensburg.

It is legal but none the less difficult to get married this time, the season having passed June 1st.

The time for extraordinary wheat prices to shell from the print shops will not be over again.

Mr. Enoch Reese was appointed Superintendent of Patchway's road by the Court in Hastings, April 24, 1879.

Hon. Jeremiah Black is working for the Blair county Democracy: "Once a sailor, survive or perish," and "Well done and faithful Steward."

Proceedings at Court this week was slow as Monday, but the usual Tuesday rush set in to get in an appearance.

Mr. Jacob Rose was in attendance at Court in his official capacity as Sheriff.

Johnstown has another wash. The waters works and proposes having an extra dog if the coal will not go in the capacity of the municipal pocket-book.

Special examinations will take place at Tipton College and St. Aloysius' Academy, on Monday, June 23d. There is no public exhibition at either on that day.

Mr. Thomas Mr. Mr. McAteer, of Johnstown, has a new lot of papers about to Washington and Philadelphia, as though we should Mr. Mr. Mr.

U. S. Wakefield and son, the two Democratic editors noticed by us last week as having been sued up by an explosion of gas, have recovered, and are prominently in the field.

Father De Lemke has finished his labors among Cambria and his own little congregation, and left on Monday, accompanied by the well wishes of Father Gallitzin, Father Lindsay and Willoughby come up here next September to see the side show attachment to the Circus circus, they will while they had the pause to pass the immediately on their new painting machine into a Barnum and Bailey's Circus and sold them of the elephant—no, Campbell—the new lion on hand.

Mr. Jacob Stahl, of Clearfield township, comes to the front as a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules. He is a practical farmer, and if any wheel would both revolve without the aid of Jury Commissioners, but as they are not to be afforded an opportunity for doing that kind of revolving just yet awhile, it is proper to say that a bigger or better man for the position could not be found anywhere, and of course we would like to see him go on board.

An application was made for admission to the bar of Cambria county in Monday by Mr. Chas. Dick, a student in District Attorney Geiger's office. The examining committee consisting of Messrs. Richard Barker, Shoemaker, Elder and Rose met at Mr. Shoemaker's office the same evening, and subjected Mr. Dick to the customary fusillade of hard questions on matters pertaining to law and everything else, and, not having time to finish the examination, adjourned the same till a future day. We wish Mr. Dick a safe and speedy deliverance.

Dr. H. F. Dean, of Curwensville, Clearfield county, accompanied by a friend from New York city, permitted the light of his pleasant countenance to beam upon us this week. Dr. Dean was a resident of Ebensburg in the days of auld lang syne, and is still a jovial companion. He and his friend are in the wilds of Somerset county, on a trout-fishing expedition, and caught enough of the speckled beauties to establish in their own mind the conviction that they had made the trip worth while. Should they chance to be considered a type of the art pyrographical, though it is nearly four years since he ceased to set type and took the initiative in the art of setting fractured bones, etc.

A young man from the south of the county, like many another young man before him, went into Ebensburg Monday afternoon, June 21st, commencing at 1 o'clock, and all who wish to enjoy a rich musical treat should not fail to attend. The programme will comprise a fine selection of hymns and songs, and any young friends of the Catholic choir in this place, who are to furnish the entertainment, should not fail to acquit themselves with credit and ample justice to their audience.

James, a five-year-old son of T. W. Dick, Esq., fell from a step on the upper back porch of the Mountain House in this place, Wednesday evening last, and fractured both arms between the elbow and wrist. The lad was playing himself with Mr. Heist's children in one of the upstairs apartments at the time, and it is thought that in the hurry of effort to evade pursuit he fell and fractured his arms, as already stated.

Mr. Michael J. Engle is out in a card denying Mr. Mitchell's claim that Mr. Mitchell was instrumental in the event of his finding it impossible to secure the nomination for Sheriff at the approaching Democratic county convention, he has it in contemplation to withdraw from the contest and hand over his delegation to Sheriff Ramer, of Johnstown. On the contrary, Mr. Engle declares that Mr. Ramer will not have a candidate before the convention, while as to himself, he means to *stick*.

The committee appointed to secure transportation and lunch for the coming picnic of Glendale Council, No. 169, O. U. A. M., met in Altoona on Saturday last, and had a very pleasant time with Brothers

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

The advent of grass will put every farmer's wife in mind of the fact that there is always something new coming up in a dairying. It may be all summed up, as we have time and again stated, in the following precepts:

Be sure the pasture is of the best, and that it contains a variety of the sweetest grasses. Do not change from winter feed to spring pasture too suddenly, and, particularly, do not turn out your cows early to shift for themselves.

Let the milking be done by quiet persons, whether male or female, at regular times morning and evening, knowing always that the milking is conducted as cleanly as it is quietly.

See that the milk is perfectly cooled to free it of animal odor. A thermometer is an absolute necessity in all well regulated dairies.

Be sure the room for settling milk is cool, and so it may be darkened at will. Thorough ventilation is one of the golden rules in dairying. The temperature of the dairy room should never be more than 60 degrees, nor less than 40 degrees.

Skim the milk as soon as the first indications of getting thick from lopper are shown. Turn the cream slowly into the jar, and stir thoroughly when more cream is added. Keep the receptacle for the cream cool, from 50 to 60 degrees, and cover with some fabric that will keep out minute insects and at the same time allow access of air.

Churn when the cream is ripe, that is when the cream is sour, every other day in spring and every day in summer. Do not allow the cream in the churn to rise much above 60 degrees. Do not churn too fast. There is nothing gained by seeking to bring the butter in a few minutes. From 20 to 30 minutes is about right.

Good grass will make nice colored butter. At such seasons, when the color of butter is pale, use coloring carefully. It is better that butter be rather light than a dark yellow.

When the butter comes in granules stop churning. Wash with cold water or cold brine; work only enough to bring it to a firm uniform mass. Do not salt heavily; from three-quarters to one ounce of salt to a pound of butter is enough.

Pack in tight, clean, sweet packages; fill to within a half inch of the top, cover with a clean cloth, and add brine to fill until solid. Keep it in the coolest place you have, and there is no reason why you should not get the top price for your butter.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE INTRODUCTION OF WHEAT INTO AMERICA.—Prior to the discovery of this continent by Columbus, there was no cereal in America approaching in nature the wheat plant. It was not until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Maria D'Escobar, wife of Diego de Chauvres, carried a few grains to Lima, which were planted, the entire product being used for seed for several successive crops. At Quito, in Ecuador, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, by the name of Fray Josi Rixi introduced the new cereal, and it is said that the jar which contained the seeds planted is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of the country by the English and the Dutch.

HORSES THAT WILL SELL.—What horses sell best? That is the question every breeder of horses should ask himself. The farmer carries on his business to make money. He wants to raise such crops and such stock as will command ready sale at prices that will pay him for the skill and labor and capital that have been employed. It is evident that horses of good size, good style, that show good breeding, that have good action, will always command a readier sale than horses not possessing these qualities. Get as many of these qualities, as possible in the stallion. See that the brood mares have these qualities and then you can raise colts that in any market will command fair prices. Size, style, action, soundness, are the main points in sire and dam. Give the offspring fair treatment, and horse raising will prove as remunerative as other branches of farming.—*Rural World.*

SOD VS. STUBBLE FOR CORN.—A farmer in Fellow county, Ind., planted 18 acres of corn last year—half on a clover sod, the other half on "the best side of the field; in corn the year previous;" all planted the same day and had the same treatment throughout. The result was 13 bushels per acre on the corn stubble, and 50 bushels on the sod land. Although the stubble had some manure, it is very evident that the clover added vastly more fertility to the soil and was the cause of the larger crop. It is a common experience that a clover sod is one of the best of manures for any kind of grain crop, and it is highly valued by most wheat growers in all sections.

POTATO BUG POISON.—Paris green has thus far been accepted poison for the Colorado potato beetle. Paris green was known as a pigment long before the potato beetle was heard of. In the course of certain manufactures a compound of arsenic is produced to which the makers have given the name of "London Purple." It is not offered as a secret remedy, but as a highly poisonous compound of arsenic, having all the desirable and deleterious qualities of Paris green, and the chief superiority claimed for it over that is the much lower price at which it can be afforded.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—An agricultural exchange says, to kill ticks on sheep, throw into the barnyard a few small, thrifty, second growth fir trees. The sheep will eat the leaves and small twigs greedily, and often strip off all the bark. The ticks will all leave the sheep in a few days, the strong odor from the oil of the fir driving them away.

DOTTED veils for ladies are again fashionable.

CCCC HEAP! RRRRR
C C R R
C E R R
C H H EEE A PPP EEE G R
C H H E AA P P E G RRRR
C HHH EE AAA PPP EE GGG R R
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C H H EEE A A P EEE GGG R R
C R R
C C R R
CCCC HEAPEST! R R

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
GGGG HOUSEFURNISHING SSSSS
G S
G OOOO OOOO DDDDD SSSSS
G GOO OO OO D D S
GGGG OOOO OOOO DDDDD SSSSS
&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,
Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WHITE AND COLORED PUTTY, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior workmanship offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as first-class in quality, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that I never expect to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ATTENTION
EVERYBODY!
We desire to inform the public in general that we have
Established a Big Store
—AT—
TUNNEL HILL,
And respectfully invite attention to the fact that it embraces
Much More in Quantity and Variety
than is usually kept in stores of the kind.
It is everywhere conceded by those who have given us a call that
Our Stock
IS NOT EQUALLED FOR
QUALITY, VARIETY and EXTENT
by any other stock in the neighborhood, and as we shall from time to time add new features and new lines of goods shall always buy in large quantities and allow no reduction in stock— we hope by strict attention to COMBINE LOW PRICES AND SQUARE DEALING TO MAKE OUR STORE THE GREAT POPULAR
HEADQUARTERS FOR
ALL KIND OF GOODS!
More than that, we shall endeavor to make it the interest of all classes to
DEAL WITH US PERMANENTLY
by carefully catering to their wants and wishes and treating them as we ourselves would wish to be treated in all matters pertaining to business.
TO FARMERS
We would say we have an unlimited demand for all kinds of grain and produce, and can offer them prices in advance of others in the business.
CASH PAID FOR GRAIN WHEN SO BARGAINED FOR
☞ We earnestly solicit the patronage of the public and pledge our best efforts in all transactions.
B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.
STORES: Hollidaysburg, McKee's, Williamsburg, Tunnel Hill.
FLOURING MILL—WILLIAMSBURG, PA.
January 31, 1879.-6m.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,
And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, CONFECTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.
☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.
F. P. CONFER.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

EBENSB'G WOOLEN FACTORY.
COUNTRY WORK A SPECIALTY.
THE undersigned having recently purchased the property known as the Ebensburg Woolen Factory from the Assignee of A. Y. & Geo. W. Jones, desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that they propose putting the factory in operation forthwith, for the purpose of doing all kinds of COUNTRY WORK, such as Carding, Dyeing, Spinning, Weaving, &c. Will also manufacture Blankets, Flannels, Cassimers and Yarn.
Having secured the services of an experienced and practical man to manage the business, we can guarantee entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their custom.
E. H. HARKER.
ALVIN EVANS.
Ebensburg, May 2, 1879.-tf. ED. JAMES.

PLANING MILL.—Having attached to our Extensive Mills near Ashland Furnace a complete Planing Mill, we are prepared to work FLOORING, SIDING and MOULDING of every description, and also do framing of all kinds, such as Bridges, Fore and Hind Hangings, &c. Flooring and Siding always on hand at the Mill and for sale at the lowest cash prices.
D. & C. MOORE.
April 18, 1879.-3m. P. O. address: ASHLAND, PA.

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-20-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.
F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $120,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
GOOD FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879-1y.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Penn'a.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

Removed to Bank Building
—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, dept. 22, 1878-1y.*

J. C. McGINLEY'S
DINING ROOMS!
For Ladies and Gentlemen,
161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.
FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.
Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

PATENTS!
LEVIS & BICKEL, Solicitors.
PATENTS procured on New Inventions in from 15 to 30 days. Send for circular containing useful information. Office, 131 Fifth Avenue, above Smithfield street, opposite M. E. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-14.-11m.]

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,

Surgeon Dentist,
WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.
Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [11-29-76.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1 21.'76.-tf.]

HOW GAMES TRAVEL.

Travelers, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it on this theory: That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites, and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledore and shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe.

The origin of kite flying seems to lie somewhere in southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization. Within a century, Europeans becoming acquainted with the South Sea islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called *mana*, or bird, flying them in solemn form with the accompaniment of traditional chants, which looks as if the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that being one wet day in a Cayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "cat's cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the Maoris, of New Zealand, who call it *maui*, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented; its various patterns represent canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "cat's cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good to show that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a kind of draughts which was not the European game, and which can hardly be accounted for but as another result of the drift of Asiatic civilization down into the Pacific.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

A DOG AS POSTMAN.

Sir Thomas Lander, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburg, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. After describing many of Bass's characteristics, his owner goes on to say: "He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen, who delivers letters here. It was the duty of the postman, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving house to another and this bag he used to give to Bass to carry. Bass always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood, where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite the gate of the convent of St. Margaret, and returned home. When our gate was shut to prevent his following the postman the dog always leaped a high gate to get after him. One day when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. Bass went to the man, curiously scanning his face, while the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, Bass followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all he could to keep possession of it. But at length Bass, seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind legs, and putting a great fore paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, he proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose, and followed the dog, making every now and then an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came he told his fears and the dilemma he was in, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. Bass walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road, till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag and making his bow to the man, he returned home."

"FARMING UNDER THE SEA."—The fact is not generally known that within three hour's ride of Boston a large and profitable business has been carried on ever since 1845 along the seashore, and which is nothing more nor less than "farming under the sea." Everywhere upon the coast of Eastern New England may be found, ten feet below the water mark, the lichen known as carrageen—the "Irish Moss" of commerce. It may be torn from the sunken rocks anywhere, and yet the little seaport of Scituate is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured. This village is the great centre of the moss business in the country, and the entire Union draws its supplies from those beaches. Long rakes are used in tilling this marine farm, and it does not take long to fill the many dories that await the lichen, torn from its salty, rocky bed. The husbands and fathers gather the moss from the sea, and the wives and daughters prepare it for market. Soak it in water and it will melt away to jelly. Boil it with milk, and a delicious white and creamy blanc mange is the result. The annual product is from ten to fifteen thousand barrels, and it brings $50,000 into the town, which sum is shared by some one hundred and fifty families. Its consumption in the manufacture of lager beer is very large, and the entire beer in the country draws its supplies from Scituate beaches, as the importation from Ireland has almost ceased. It is generally known that the moss, as an article of food, is called "Sea Moss Farina."—*Exchange.*

GRAINS OF GOLD.—Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

The gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

The wisest of men is he who has the most complaisance for others.

It is astonishing how keen stupid people are in discovering affronts.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.

Books are enhalmed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

Think not of faults committed in the past when one has reformed his conduct.

A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

ABOUT POISONS.

The *Journal of Materia Medica* notes the following important facts which ought to be generally known:

"Poison: A substance which, when taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood, or applied to the skin or flesh, proves fatal or deleterious; anything infectious or malignant." Our scissors make the first clip out of Webster for a definition of the greatest evil as well as the greatest good known in the medical world. For after the fashion of the old saying, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," in public system, so in the individual system if one poison has stolen away into the net-work of veins by fair means or foul, there is small hope of recovering one's own, save another poison be sent after it.

All medicines seem to be more or less poisonous. But owing to the large doses of those classed "less" required to produce death or even deleterious effects, they are by the mass of people regarded as harmless, for arsenic, strychnine, opium, chloroform, mercury and perhaps a few other prominent remedies cover all, to them, dangerous poisonous. Yet we read in a daily paper of a child suddenly attacked by severe vomiting which the usual remedies failing to check, ends in exhaustion and death; and the cause is laid anywhere but at the confectioner's counter where the boy bought his candies and cakes flavored with bitter almond.

"The bitter almond is a powerful poison." A single drop of the essential oil on a cat's tongue made a dead pussy of a living one in just five minutes, by experiment. Some delicate organizations, especially among children, can bear but little of this essence, the smallest quantity producing an eruption like a nettlerash, if nothing worse, and yet macaroons are eaten and given to children to eat with impunity, while confectioners are often, nowadays, using, not the bitter almond, but the essential oil for their flavoring. There is a "family connection" between the bitter and sweet almond, how close is not easily defined, but sufficient to show that on some persons the sweet nut on our tables, if eaten, produces an effect similar to that caused by the bitter almond.

"Fish poison is one of the most singular in all the range of toxicology." Certain kinds of fish in hot countries are looked upon as always poisonous. Other kinds are only poisonous to peculiar constitutions, at certain times, and perhaps depending somewhat on the climate. The richer sort of vertebrate fish, though actually eaten with perfect safety by mankind in general, are nevertheless poisonous, either at all times or only occasionally to peculiar individuals. This fact is self-evident to many of us who have experienced nausea after eating whitefish, salmon, lobster, etc., at one time or another, and instinct is wise when it heeds the hint and declines the poison in future.

Lead poisoning we are more familiar with, as some members of our households are more susceptible than others to the injurious effect of water run through lead pipes. But the poison in this case, acting slowly and subtly, is usually classed under the broad good-naturedly embracing term, "malaria." Those who work in lead mines or in any way with lead and absorb its fine dust into their systems, except by the greatest care, sooner or later have what in general phraseology is called printers' or painters' palsy.—The habit of children to bite and wet their lead pencils is often followed by serious results, which are more likely to be traced to a close school room and hard study than to the lead pencils, slate pencils and chalk they have munched on at short intervals five days out of every seven.

Another of the every-day poisons is found in the syrup which is a leading feature of the American breakfast-table. The use of chloride of tin in glucose or "corn" syrups has been proved by numerous analyses. Think of that, oh ye who indulge in "golden drip" and "maple syrup" on cold, wintry mornings on your hot cakes. Beware of any syrup that leaves a metallic taste in your mouth, lest by means of the sweet liquid your stomach gets a tin-lining, and you, wondering why on earth you have developed dyspepsia, conclude that it must be the hot cakes disagree with you. And if the said cakes are made of the raising-easy stuff called baking-powder, very likely the disagreement can, in part, be laid to them, for analysis has also shown that baking-powder contains a large proportion of desiccated alum.

RAISIN-MAKING.—The United States is the greatest raisin-consuming country in the world, and uses annually more raisins than the whole of Europe. This market is mainly supplied from Spain, the raisins known as "Malagas" being exported the year. They come from a comparatively narrow strip of country in the South of Spain, which has hitherto been regarded as surpassing all other regions for raisins of that character. The annual yield of Malaga grapes averages 2,250,000 boxes of twenty pounds each. It sometimes reaches 2,500,000 boxes, and last season about 2,000,000 boxes were raised. Of this enormous yield the United States takes fully one-half, on which it pays a duty—as on all other raisins—of 2½ cents per pound. The American raisins are made from a white grape, the "Muscat of Alexandria," to the raising of which the soil and climate of a large portion of California are well adapted. The vine begins to bear something in the second year, although the full bearing capacity is not developed until it is 5 years old, and continues to bear for half a century, and sometimes for seventy-five years. In the cultivation of raisin-grapes American grape-growers have little to learn from Spain, but in the curing and packing of the raisins, a lack of experience is still felt. The raisins are not cured by any artificial process, however, but in a comparatively simple manner. The grapes are laid on gravel-beds and exposed to the sun for ten or twelve days in August or September, when they are ready for packing, having turned from white to brown, and gradually changed to the familiar dark color of the raisins of commerce. The white sugar which is generally found attached to the raisins sold in the market is entirely a natural product of the grape, and comes on with age—first appearing, as a rule, when the raisins are about two years old.—*Scientific American.*

A CURIOUS CASE.—John J. Andrews, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago and physicians told him there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations, and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, of whose investigation he says: "He blistered me around the eye to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said: 'I know what it is not; it is not inflammation and there is one point gained.' He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jaw bone and did some probing; finally he said: 'It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained.' He dosed me with quinine until he was satisfied and then he said: 'It is not miasma, and that is another point gained.' Last Thursday he put me into a dark room, and, throwing an intensely bright light into the optic for two mortal hours, at last he exclaimed: 'I have the secret.' Looking in through the pupil of the eye he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tape worm. This was the first case of the kind in America, and was exhibited to most of the physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature."

EVENING DRESSES.—The tendency toward low bodices for evening wear is stronger now than at any period for the past twenty years. The most fashionable consist of a square cut-out back and front, the strap holds the sleeve according high from the shoulder. The bodice is long, hollowed upon the hips and very much pointed, back and front. The skirt is trained, and arranged with small paniers, which are draped low upon the hips and from a fan shape under the centre of the bodice. A double plaiting of fine lace is placed upright around the neck and a plaiting of black lace below, outlining the square. This style is used for black satin, and also for rich black silk, the sleeves being short and the arms uncovered. The most fashionable evening dresses are now either black or white, the stuffs which are in mixed colors being reserved for day wear. This effects a sort of revolution in dress, black having been for so long a period a sort of uniform for the street.

WHERE POTATOES CANNOT BE BOILED.—There's one place in the world where neither potatoes, meat, nor even eggs, can be cooked by boiling. It is on the high table-lands between two chains of mountains in South America, the Cordilleras and the Andes. It is from 10,000 to 14,600 feet above the sea level, and the air is so rarified that water boils before it is hot enough to cook. If one wants a hot meal he must bake or roast it.

AN investor in baby bonds wants to know how he is to get his money back when he wants it. He can when he accumulates one hundred dollars which he can invest in a thirty-year bond, which is equivalent to tying it up for that time, unless he stands a shave by some broker. If the rate of interest goes up in a year or two the value of the ten dollar four per cent. bond will be largely depreciated.

Notice!
In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.
Notice!
Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells *in Clothing alone.* Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.
Notice!
New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.
Notice!
Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.
A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

SIX CORD
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
Paris, 1878
AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876,
As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."
TRY IT
S.F.T.
ESTABLISHED 1835.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
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MEDALS AWARDED
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TRY IT
SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
SOFT FINISH

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Largest and Cheapest Stock of
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NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

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ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
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THE Hatchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Self-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special class of Engines for Lake regions and Rice fields.
OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, are the Lightest Running and most Powerful other Engines.
THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.
GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous waste of Grain and the labor now done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.
NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, Rice and like Grains, but the Only Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Wasting with Machines or "reinbling" to change from Grain to Seeds.
IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Operation, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Threshers Quite Incomparable.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean, Bright Grain and Perfect Separation.
FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.
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It is needless to expatiate upon the virtues of this GREAT REMEDY. If you are suffering from BOILS, ATTACKS, DISPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, GENERAL DEBILITY, DYSPEPTIC, KIDNEY or NERVOUS DISEASES, or any Disorder arising from IMPURE BLOOD, get a bottle of VIGORENE and take it as per directions upon each bottle, in English, German, French and Spanish. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printer's ink.
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